Mirrors

Louigi Verona

Mirror, tell me I'm the realest
Since all these other niggas got gimmicks in their lyrics
It's all gun bustin', it's such a lack of the subject
Could I be that nigga rejuvinatin' lovers?
Did I stutter the missin' piece of the puzzle?
Feel like the only rapper that look at you with no trouble
It's easy on TV make them believe what they be seein'
But mirrors never lie so they keep eyes up on they re-runs
For fear of what you show them, reality is golden
Real recognize real, you need some IV's to be noticed though
One of the coldest to mix pro-tools with your vocals
What the fans can't see that mirror gon' notice back
Mirror, mirror on the wall, who the realest of them all?
That ain't hard, swear to God, these niggas ain't real at all
Mirror, mirror on the wall, is it right, is it wrong?
It ain't hard, swear to God, these niggas ain't real at all
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Mirror, mirror on the wall, is it right, is it wrong?
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Say there Mr. Mirror, put yourself up to yourself and in
Just take a look at the reflection that's reflectin' in
Your own physical, superficial not spiritual
All the possessions you possess and they can't keep your spirit full
You need to hear it fool but you don't wanna listen 'cause
You so full of yourself and you just sit and judge
You point 'em out and call 'em up and then sit 'em down
Then you put fertilizer, lyin', spread the shit around
But if you took a second, Mr. Mirror, you would see
That you just mad at you, man, you ain't really mad at me
You took the hatred of yourself and just projected out
No disrespect, you can't respect yourself then just get out
For real, you need to go away just like the rain song
'Cause you frontin' and fakin' it's just plain wrong
So Mr. Mirror, man, I'm just gon' keep it G
If you can't look up at yourself, how the fuck you lookin' at me, mane
Mirror, mirror on the wall, who the realest of them all?
That ain't hard, swear to God, these niggas ain't real at all
Mirror, mirror on the wall, is it right, is it wrong?

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Mirror, tell me she the realest
I met her in the club and she wouldn't let me in it
Seen her in a video, seen her in a magazine
See me I ain't frontin', we ain't see 'em titties last week
So far you nasty, fuck you call that
I call that insecure, shawty think she all that
Fuck outta here, that's how they gettin' gas
'09 Gold Diggers, walkin' with a different path
Find a dummy, wrap him up, let him fuck, suck him up
Gettin' good graces, take his money, another one
No longer Caffera, surgery and mascara
Lookin' at your money, but can't look up in that mirror
Fearin' what it show you, reality is gold
Real recognize real, real women don't know you
One of the coldest, the gracin' on that pole
What them tempers don't see, I bet that mirror gon' show you
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